

Do I have passion left only for

My own sweet ass soured with existence? Was my fire burned out

With a passion for all "righteous" souls upon the earth's infinite, battered

Face? Was it my heart's set to succor only those righteous ones? I know

My quick was soon in pain as well for the "blessed" damned — myself surely

Among them. How paralyzing the pathos I was soon to learn — I was helpless

To help even those three or four Closest most needful and most dear

Is it being caught up again in all

Of the old doubts and misgivings? Is it instead being indescribably

Ignorant and virginal again? She is beautiful and gentle — there is no

Hardness nor evasiveness in her. How can it be frightening that she pre-

Pared to dispense with her garments? How can you imagine it is only

a matter of lights  
and of mirrors